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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

S.A. 1829.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
And chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

SHAKSPEARE.

O tu donna, che vai,
Di Gioventute, e di bellezze altera,
E di tua vita il termine non sai!

PETRARCHA, TRIONFO DELLA MORTE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL-YARD, TEMPLE-BAR,

FOR

J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXIX.

142.

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DOMI NUS ILLU MINA TIO MEA

DEDICATION.

A FRENCH writer has remarked, that the first step we take in the world frequently wins us its favour, or sets it against us. Of no one, probably, can this be more true than of a young author, and I consider myself peculiarly fortunate in being able, as my first step in literary life, thus to express my admiration of

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The unfeigned humility of my hopes would have deterred me from soliciting for my work the eye of so great a master of every style of literary composition, had I not, from many instances, learned that his candour and tolerance are equal to his genius.

J. H. J.

WEST MOLESEY, SURREY,
February, 1829.

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Mary's Voyage from Scotland to France—The Minstrel's Farewell—Arrival at Brest—Proceeds to St. Germain-en-laye—Captives liberated at her approach—Lesly's admiration of her—Description of Night—Marriage with the Dauphin Francis—Death of the French King Henry the Second—Death of Francis—Mary's Adieu to her Mother's Tomb.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

FAIR breaks the Morn, and rising o'er the lea,
Sheds its first dawn upon the deep-blue sea;
Its growing light the murky vapours fly,
And the last star is shooting thro' the sky:
The redd'ning Sun, now bursting on the sight,
Bathes the deep skies in floods of living light;
From the clear vault the nightly mists has hurl'd,
Nor left one cloud to frown upon the world.

Oh! it is sweet on such a morn to brave
The slumb'ring terrors of the boundless wave;
To feel our light bark heaving with the tide,
And watch each wave that sports along its side:

Then—when no object meets th' admiring eye,
Save the blue waters, and the bluer sky;
When all is silent, save a transient breeze
That scarce can break the crystal of the seas;
Woo'd by the joyous freshness of the scene,
The heart turns back to pleasures which have been;
To happier hours, and calmer thoughts descends,
To lost companions, and to absent friends;
While Fancy smiles upon the still dear throng,
And bids us turn our visions into song.

II.

But to my theme! perchance too long delay'd,
To muse on scenes where first my footsteps stray'd;
Nor let the poet smile, nor critic deem
Such recollections can disgrace my theme:
For in those scenes my thoughts first learnt to pore
O'er the wild tales of legendary lore;
First lisp'd the name at which my bosom glows,
And wept o'er Mary's beauty, and her woes.

Mark ye, where rising o'er the swelling surge,
Yon bark seems ling'ring on th' horizon's verge,
Spreads its white sails majestically slow,
And cleaves the waters with its glittering prow?
There, woo'd by pleasure such as youth beguiles,
The exil'd Queen of Caledonia smiles; (1)
Round her—the daughters of each high-born chief—
Her young companions soothe, or share her grief: (2)
Launch'd into all the novelty of life,
They little reck of sorrow or of strife;
Nor deem, unconscious of their future doom,
Each moment leads them nearer to the tomb.
And she, in whose young lineaments we trace
The dawning beauties of a woman's grace;
In youthful wonder o'er the bark reclines,
To mark each ray that in the ocean shines;
As if already she had learnt the joy
Which Nature breathes when emptier pleasures cloy.
Smile on, young Queen! smile on, securely gay,
Nor weep till grief shall claim thee for his prey;

Few years or hours may pass ere Time shall bring
A thousand sorrows on Misfortune's wing;
Then—when thine own a nation's tears shall drown,
Thy husband leave thee, and thy country frown;
When from those arms thine offspring shall be torn,
And leave thee friendless, childless, and forlorn;
When thy lone eye, where'er its glance may fall,
Shall rest on nothing save the dungeon-wall;
Then will thy thoughts recall that pleasing trance
Which lull'd thy childhood in the vales of France.

Ill-fated maid! while Heav'n yet smiles on thee,
And guides thy bark upon the trackless sea;
An aged Seer, who, when thy Sire was young,
Oft to the gale his martial music flung;
With arm uplifted, and with streaming locks,
Stands in deep sorrow on Dumbarton's rocks:
Reveal'd by Heav'n his omen'd words foretell
The future pangs with which thy breast shall swell;
And thus, while distance hides thee from his view,
Breathes the wild accents of his last adieu!

III.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

" Ye smiling vales, and proud embattled towers,
" Where kings have warr'd, or beauty twin'd her
" bowers;
" Ye silvery streams that through each valley flow,
" Where Wallace thunder'd on the cowering foe;
" Say, have these walls, which crown the haughty scene,
" Denied a shelter to their infant Queen?
" Shall kings uncheck'd, with angry scorn, demand
" Your smiling monarch from her native land?
" Or she be doom'd in other realms to roam,
" And seek from them protection and a home?
" Yet let it pass: a bitter hour is near,
" When Scotland's sons shall mourn her with a tear;
" While each proud chief shall view his country bleed,
" From foreign vices, and a foreign creed; (4)
" And learn to curse the baleful gale which bore
" The youthful Mary from her native shore.

" Queen of the North! thy bark is on the main,
" Thy Minstrel strikes his mournful harp in vain;
" Else would he sing what tortures must be thine,
" What griefs must spring from Hope's deluding mine;
" For, nurs'd in sorrow from thy earliest years,
" Brought forth in anguish, and baptiz'd in tears;
" No doating father smiled upon thy birth,
" No people hail'd it with prophetic mirth:
" Or, if they did, their joy was forced to yield
" To each deep curse which rose from Solway-field;
" Then, when the war-shout of the Southron rose,
" And conquest smil'd upon thy country's foes;
" Thy Sire, o'erwhelm'd with more than human woe, (5)
" Bent his proud head in silence to the blow:
" Left thee at once his kingdom and his shame,
" Ere yet thou call'dst him by a father's name.
" Oh! when thy days of youth and joy are flown,
" When thou wilt sit upon the Bruce's throne;
" What bitter tears must dim these aged eyes,
" While woes on woes in quick succession rise!

" For know, young scion of a fated line,
" In thee thy race shall all its ills combine; (6)
" From sire to son, to thee at length shall flow
" Their more than human heritage of woe;
" For long experience dooms me to foresee
" Thy father's passions unrestrain'd in thee.
" Yet in that form—unchang'd as yet—we trace
" The spotless mind, the purity of grace:
" That beaming smile, that love-inspiring eye,
" Blue as the cloudless azure of the sky;
" That soft'ning heart which melts at others woe,
" Join'd with each charm that beauty can bestow;
" Meet in a form well suited to impart
" Its tender influence to a lover's heart;
" Tho' doom'd, alas! to guide a shatter'd helm,
" And reign the monarch of a tottering realm.
" Ill-fated hour! when on thy brow was plac'd
" The crown that erst thy hapless line had grac'd!
" Then, tho' each chieftain bent the willing knee,
" And vow'd unchang'd fidelity to thee;

" How soon, alas! their resolutions died,
" Suppress by int'rest, or repuls'd by pride!
" By petty strifes, and rival factions torn,
" Unmov'd they view'd thee from their country borne;
" Then, while the Southron left his native shore,
" To shake these vallies with the cannon's roar;
" Too weak to save thee from their murd'rous bands,
" They left thee friendless in a stranger's hands.
" Queen of the North! thy Minstrel's strains are o'er,
" They cease to mingle with the torrent's roar:
" Oh! while thou roam'st in pleasure and in pride,
" Perchance forgetful of the silvery Clyde;
" While at thy glance a thousand swords shall shine,
" And rival chiefs exchange their feuds for thine;
" Thy bard, descending in the vale of years,
" Will have no gift to offer but his tears:
" Yet these, young Queen! I never wish'd to dry,
" When aught but pleasure sparkled in thine eye;
" For I have watch'd thee tripping o'er the heath,
" In that fair isle which looks on blue Monteith; (7)

" And thou hast linger'd from the courtly throng,
" And wept in silence at my mournful song.
" But thou art gone! and now a nation's praise
" Would scarce delight me, tho' it deck'd my lays;
" Yet could I deem, tho' from my sight debarr'd,
" Thou once would'st think upon thy absent bard;
" My aged heart with more delight would glow,
" Than all that Scotland's praises could bestow."

IV.

The Minstrel ceas'd his thrilling lyre to sweep,
She, whom he sung, was far upon the deep:
Her bark glides on, and she at length can scan
The dark and varied outline of Bretagne; (8)
A moment more—and she has found again
A joyous welcome in the haunts of men.
Hail! craggy Brest, thy towers are fair to view,
That spread their shadows in the waters blue;
Yet must we roam to where St. Germain calls
The youthful Mary to her courtly walls: (9)

Lo! while she wanders, Nature smiles around,
And flings profusion o'er this favour'd ground;
The gushing vineyard swells with purple grapes,
And streams and vallies shine in varied shapes;
While in the dance young peasants deck the green,
And spread a gladness o'er the fairy scene.
Yet in one face was deeply mark'd awhile
A painful thought, a melancholy smile;
As if, young Queen! thy shuddering bosom deem'd
That life was not the Eden that it seem'd.
Oh! weep not now, while life is in its spring,
And youth and joy their choicest off'rings bring:
For thy approach fond expectation waits,
Where gloomy dungeons ope their iron gates;
While chainless captives drink the rosy air,
And bless the hand which sav'd them from despair. (10)

V.

Why should I sing those cherish'd hours of joy,
Fraught with no pang to sadden, or destroy?

Why paint each scene of rapture, and relate
Her glittering pageants and her pomp of state?
Themes such as these may charm the vulgar ear,
Mine asks alone the tribute of a tear.

Suffice it then that years had pass'd away,
And found her breast still innocent as gay;
First in the chase, and lightest in the dance,
She smil'd the happiest of the dames of France:
Gaze on her form—your dazzled eye will trace
The Queen's demeanor, and the woman's grace;
The laughing eye, whose liquid lustre throws
A gladness o'er each circle where it glows;
Should pleasure beam, or grief usurp its place,
Each soft expression wakes a softer grace:
Hers too the mind which censure cannot blame,
That smiles on wealth and poverty the same;
While beauty steals its meekness from the soul,
And spreads a charm which sanctifies the whole.

Such was her form when Lesly's eye confest
That she was fairer than the loveliest;

Dazzled with joy, he gaz'd upon his Queen,
And bow'd in silence to her peerless mien;
Too pleas'd to doubt if Heav'n had most combin'd
To grace her person or adorn her mind.

Such was her form, when 'midst the sacred band
She held the torch that trembled in her hand;
Then, while her voice proclaim'd her Maker's praise,
And sang His glory in seraphic lays;
The admiring gazer mark'd her eye so meek,
That match'd the languid paleness of her cheek;
Then wildly cried, with rapture in his eye,
" Oh! art thou not an angel from the sky!" (11)

As some soft plant that owns the summer heat,
When man removes it from its cold retreat;
Thus Mary, woo'd from Scotland's rugged strand,
Had lost the coldness of her native land;
Since every charm that sparkled in her eye
Betray'd the influence of a milder sky.

VI.

It is the hour when every breast is calm,
And sleep imparts its universal balm;
Where is the hum that filled the busy air,
The noisy revel, and the chanted pray'r?
Hush'd are the winds, and lull'd the gliding wave,
The languid banner droops upon its stave;
While o'er each turret hangs a deeper gloom,
That spreads around the stillness of the tomb.

All is the night's! and hark! the ocean's roar
Melts into music on the distant shore;
Woo'd by the heart how lovely and intense
Each ray of beauty fills th' awaken'd sense!
The queen of night upon each mountain glows,
And on the wave a stream of lustre throws;
No breath is stirring, save a transient breeze,
Too soft to waft one blossom from the trees;
While the clear sky, serenely, calmly bright,
Is deeply studded by its isles of light;

That lift our thoughts beyond the lapse of years,
To frame some new existence in their spheres.
Oh! sleep, thou soft usurper of the breast,
That lull'st despair and sorrow into rest;
Inspir'd by thee, the fancied breeze restores
Some wretched exile to his native shores:
The destin'd martyr lifts his raptur'd eye,
And sees an op'ning Paradise on high;
Already views yon starry realm unfurl'd,
And swells his praises in a brighter world.
Oh! yet how oft thy languid wing imparts
A balm as sweet to less impassion'd hearts!
'Tis thy delight in flowery vales to shed
Thy wreath of poppies o'er the shepherd's head; (12)
To spread a calm which princes cannot share,
And reign o'er bosoms undisturb'd by care.
Yet while each heart is mindful of repose,
Nor heeds awhile its pleasures or its woes;
One eye alone is waiting from afar
The approaching splendour of the morning-star;

One lamp is glimm'ring where the darkness lowers,
The only beacon in St. Germain's towers.
'Tis Mary—she whose every thought was gay,
That weeps the hours in loneliness away;
With streaming hair, with wild and troubled breast,
She slumbers not tho' Nature is at rest;
But tells with trembling hand each sacred bead,
The pledge of life, and symbol of her creed:
Yet, tho' the night beholds her drown'd in tears,
From fancied sorrows, or from maiden fears,
The morn must find her deck'd in princely pride,
The hope of nations, and the Dauphin's bride.
Oh! there are times (e'en while our hopes are crown'd,
And Wealth and Fame inclose their suppliant round)
When every boon that Fortune can bestow
Yields to some wild presentiment of woe;
Till, all our present happiness forgot,
We grasp the shadows of a darker lot.
Such is the pang that o'er her bosom steals,
While to the image of her God she kneels;

With grateful breast, and with uplifted eye,
She scans that form whose Godhead stoop'd to die;
Marks the frail pang, the smile sublimely meek,
That mocks the blood which trickles down his cheek;
'Till, fill'd with love, her breast forgets its care,
And glows with all the fervency of pray'r.

VII.

The night hath past, and to the altar's side
The Heir of France has led his blushing bride; (13)
How chang'd that form since last the nightly gloom
Spread o'er her cheek the paleness of the tomb!
Now bright the smile from those blue eyes that gleams,
And soft the blush that o'er her forehead beams;
Hers too the grace whose native grandeur brings
The proud remembrance of a race of kings;
That does not shrink tho' far around her stand
The proud and high-born nobles of the land.
Yes! mighty princes deck her glittering train,
The virtuous Condé, and the proud Lorrain;

The mild in peace—the terrible in war—
The good Coligni, and the brave Navarre;
Each proud to add fresh splendour to the scene,
And vow allegiance to their future Queen.

Oh! then and there arose the gladdening cry,
Then glow'd the heart, and wept the patriot's eye;
Then, as her charms each ravish'd breast inspir'd,
The youthful envied, and the old admir'd;
Each haughty warrior blest the royal maid,
Nor blush'd to show the rapture he betray'd.

Heiress of France! young monarch of the North,
From rocky Thurso to the silvery Forth!
For thee the peasant leaves his native plains,
For thee the minstrel breathes his softest strains; (14)
The palsied dotard leaves his fev'rish bed,
To heap his dying blessings on thy head;
Content to view thee with his glazing eye,
Then lie him down in loneliness to die.

VIII.

Here should the muse in gayest strains display
The dance by night, and tournament by day;
Or paint each scene where youth and beauty meet
To join the dance with " many-twinkling"* feet;
These should she trace in Fancy's softest gleams,
But dreads the influence of their gladd'ning themes.

To other bards she leaves the pleasing task
To paint the antic revels of the mask; (15)
Let these relate how each illustrious maid,
Deck'd as some guardian goddess of the glade,
Met her young lover, crown'd with od'rous flowers,
And blushing led him to her violet bowers;
Or let them sing what monsters walk'd the earth,
Mask'd in the gay buffoonery of mirth:
Here, one by one, each bark with silken sail
Spreads its white bosom to the scented gale;
'Mid scatter'd flow'rs of every hue they flow,
With silver oars, and brightly-burnish'd prow;—

* " Glance their many-twinkling feet."—*Gray.*

Lo! on each deck a glittering courtier stands,
Clad as some pirate-chief of eastern lands;
'Mid softest strains they reach the crowded shore—
Each from her friends some blushing maiden bore—
Again they float, while thousands swell the cry,
And princes shout with rapture as they fly.

IX.

The scene has chang'd—how deeply chang'd! Oh! Death,
That rid'st the troubled air with tainted breath:
Insatiate tyrant! twice he bent his bow,
And twice he laid a mighty monarch low;
Ere a few moons had kiss'd the glassy wave,
The lords of nations moulder'd in the grave.

When bards and heroes meet the gen'ral doom,
Afflicted Nature weeps upon their tomb;
When princes tread the noiseless path they came,
How oft they leave the nothing of a name.

A year hath fled since the devouring grave
A last retreat to royal Henry gave;
The Morn beheld him, high in princely pride,
Thro' the proud lists in glittering armour ride;
Each high-born minion of his court was there,
The fawning courtier, and the blooming fair;
A thousand tongues combin'd his praise to swell,
For thrice he fought, and thrice a hero fell:
Why are they hush'd?—alas! at Heaven's high call
His heart's best blood has dy'd the marble hall. (16)

And where is he for whom a father's fate
Procur'd the sceptre, and the pomp of state? (17)
Oh! heard ye not the death-denouncing bell,
That rous'd a nation with its hollow knell?
He too is dead!—the solemn anthem raise,
Unclose the tomb, and spread the torch's blaze!
For lo! they come, in dark procession led,
The true and faithless mourners of the dead.

And she is there, his pale and grief-worn bride,
Who steer'd so late on pleasure's flow'ry tide:

What is she now?—her fond illusions fly,
And speechless sorrow trembles in her eye;
Each dazzling scene, each cherish'd wish is o'er,
They fled alike when Francis was no more.

X.

Unhappy Queen! th' irreparable blow
Which laid thy husband and thy splendour low,
In others rous'd the bootless thirst of fame,
Hope, freedom, wealth, ambition, and a name;
To thee alone it brought the sad reverse,
And prov'd thy former greatness, and its curse.
Rear'd in that clime where every breast is gay,
And pleasure laughs the rosy hours away,
Why art thou doom'd to leave this favour'd land,
For cruel contests on thy native strand;
Where barren heaths no genial pleasures bless,
And man can frown on beauty in distress?
Weep, royal maid! for now the lonely tear
Must prove the solace of each ling'ring year;

While thy past grandeur, and thy present state,
Shall prove no useless lesson to the great:
Weep, for those pleasures must no more beguile,
Which strew'd thy path with roses for awhile;
Each form has fled which smil'd while hope was brigh
Like moths that flit around the taper's light;
While grief and danger track thy cheerless path,
From Catharine's envy, and Eliza's wrath. (18)
Pale as the urn o'er which her tresses fall,
The widow'd Queen hath fled the courtly hall:
Oh! say, if fortune leaves the heart forlorn,
And lonely grief retires unseen to mourn,
What hour is fitter than the nightly gloom,
What spot more sacred than a mother's tomb?
There knelt she then; as if the sacred shade
Her tears invok'd, were rising to her aid;
There, like the lily overcharg'd with dew,
She wept in speechless trance her last adieu.

NOTES

TO

THE FIRST CANTO.

Note 1, page 5.

There—woo'd by pleasure such as youth beguiles—
The exil'd Queen of Caledonia smiles.

Mary Queen of Scots was only six years old when she left Scotland to be educated in France. She was born December 8th, 1542, a few days before the death of her father.—Chalmers.

Note 2, page 5.

Round her—the daughters of each high-born chief—
Her young companions sooth or share her grief.

" Mary of Guise selected four girls as her daughter's companions in France, each bearing the name of Mary,

of whom the first was Mary Beaton, a niece of the Cardinal; the second, Mary Fleming, the daughter of Lord Fleming; the third was Mary Livingston, the daughter of the Earl of Livingston; and the fourth was Mary Seaton, whose father, Lord Seaton, was ever faithfully devoted to the royal family of Scotland."—Benger's Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots.

Note 3, page 7.

Shall kings uncheck'd, with angry scorn, demand
Your smiling monarch from her native land?

Mary was demanded in marriage by Henry the Eighth for his son, afterwards Edward the Sixth; and by Henry the second of France for his son, the Dauphin Francis, to whom she was afterwards married.

Note 4, page 7.

While each proud chief shall view his country bleed,
From foreign vices, and a foreign creed.

The unfortunate attachment of Mary to the tenets of the Church of Rome was the probable cause of her own untimely death, and of the numerous misfortunes which at that period befel her country.

Note 5, page 8.

Thy Sire, o'erwhelm'd with more than human woe,
Bent his proud head in silence to the blow.

Pittscottie has given us the following affecting description of the last scene of James the Fifth: "The king passed out of Holyrood to Falkland, and there became heavy and dolorous, that he never ate nor drank that had digestion, and so he became vehement sick, that no man had hope of his life: then he sent for certain of his lords, both spiritual and temporal, to have their counsel, but ere they came he was well nigh strangled to death by extreme melancholy. By this the post came to the king out of Linlinthgow, showing him good tidings that the queen was delivered. The king enquired whether it was a man child or a woman; the messenger said, It is a fair daughter: the king answered, Adieu! farewell! it came with a lass, and it will pass with a lass: and so he recommended himself to the mercy of Almighty God, and spake little from that time forth, but turned his back to his lords, and his face to the wall. At this time Laird Beaton, Cardinal of Scotland, standing in the presence of the king, seeing him begin to fail of his strength and natural speech, held a throch of paper to his grace, and caused him to subscribe the same, wherein the said cardinal wrote what pleased

him, for his own particular thinking, to have authority and pre-eminence in the government of the country. But we may know hereby the king's legacy was very short, for in this manner he departed, as hereafter I shall show you. He turned him upon his back; and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and gave a little smile of laughter; then kissed his hand, and offered the same to all his nobles round about him, thereafter held up his hands, and yielded his spirit to God."

Note 6, page 9.

In thee thy race shall all its ills combine.

The melancholy history of the house of Stuart is well known: James the First was unjustly imprisoned for many years in England, and was afterwards killed by his own nobles: James the Second met with his death from the splinter of a cannon which burst at the siege of Roxburgh: James the Third was killed in an engagement with his nobles, who were headed by his own son, the Duke of Rothsay: James the Fourth was slain at Flodden field; and James the Fifth, the father of Mary, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the abandonment of his nobles, and the defeat of his army by the English near the Solway firth. Their misfortunes seem to have been handed down to their descendants, in the execution

of Charles the First, the expulsion of James the Second from the throne of Great Britain, and the wanderings of Prince Charles Edward after the battle of Culloden.

Note 7, page 10.

In that fair isle which looks on blue Monteith.

The island of Inchmahon is situated in the lake of Monteith, a romantic spot, rarely visited but for purposes of devotion, and which, by its position, seemed to bid defiance to an hostile intruder.—Benger.

Note 8, page 11.

Her bark glides on, and she at length can scan
The dark and varied outline of Bretagne.

Mary arrived at Brest, August 14th, 1548.—Chalmer's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

Note 9, page 11.

Yet must we roam to where St. Germain calls
The youthful Mary, &c.

By order of the French king, Mary proceeded to St. Germain-en-Laye, where she remained some time, and was educated with his own daughters in a convent dedicated to the Virgin.—Conæus.

Note 10, page 12.

While chainless captives drink the rosy air,
And bless the hand which saved them from despair.

In whatever place Mary passed through in her journey to St. Germain-en-Laye, the prisons were thrown open, and all persons, except those who were accused of heresy or treason, were liberated in honour of her arrival.—Ribier, Memoires d'Etat.

Note 11, page 14.

" Oh! art thou not an angel from the sky?"

It was on the occasion of the festival of Candlemas, when each person carried a lighted torch, that Mary, whose fair complexion was admirably contrasted with the sombre aspect of the ceremony, extorted from a person of the lower class, the enthusiastic exclamation of, " Are you not indeed an angel?"—Benger.

Note 12, page 16.

'Tis thy delight in flowery vales to shed
Thy wreath of poppies o'er the shepherd's head.

Non avium citharæve cantus
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.—Lib. iii. Ode 1.

Note 13, page 18.

to the altar's side
The heir of France has led his blushing bride.

Mary was betrothed to the Dauphin Francis on the 19th of April, 1558, and was married on the Sunday following (24th).

Note 14, page 19.

For thee the minstrel breathes his softest strains.

Among the numerous poets, who at that time celebrated the beauty and talents of Mary Queen of Scots, were Buchanan, Joachim du Bellay, Ronsard, &c. The latter, in his inscriptions on the royal family of France, inserted the following elegant lines for Mary:

Toi qui a vu l'excellence de celle,
Que rend le ciel sur l'Ecosse envieux,
D'y hardiment, contentez vous mes yeux,
Vous me verrez jamais chose plus belle.
Celle qui est de cette ile princesse,
Qu'au tems passè l'on nommoit Caledon,
Si en sa main elle avoit un brandon,
On la prendroit pour Venus la dresse,
Par une chaine à ses beaux yeux attachè.
Par une chaine à sa langue attachè,

Hercule à soi les peuples attiroit,
Mais celle ci tire ceux qu'elle voit
Par une chaine a ses beaux yeux attachè.

Note 15, page 20.

The antic revels of the mask.

After some recitations from the pen of Joachim du Bellay, another masque was produced before the court: six small gallies entered the hall, covered, like Cleopatra's barge, with cloth of gold and crimson velvet; so skilfully contrived as to appear to glide through the waves, sometimes rolling, sometimes tacking, then rearing, as if agitated by a sudden swell of the tide, till the delicate silver sails were cracked asunder. On each deck appeared two seats and one cavalier; and, as the little navy advanced along the theatre, each of these pretended corsairs, springing to land, seized on some fair lady, and bore her, as by force, to the vacant chair already prepared for her reception. The first of these piratical adventurers was the young Duke of Lorrain, who carried off his affianced consort, Claude of France. The second was the King of Navarre, who once again, as in his youthful days, showed gallantry to his wife Jean. The third was the Duke of Nemours, who, for want of a wife, very correctly captured his kinswoman, the Princess Margaret. With similar regard to decorum,

the gay Prince of Condé seized on Madam de Guise. The Dauphin Francis showed much alacrity in handing off his bride; and Henry himself dutifully elected Catharine, instead of Diana de Poictiers, to be his companion. Every cavalier being thus provided with a consort, each galley circumnavigated the hall, to the infinite delight of the spectators."—Benger.

Note 16, page 22.

His heart's best blood has dy'd the marble hall.

Henry the Second of France died of an accidental wound which he received from Count Montgommeri at a tournament, July 8th, 1559.

Note 17, page 22.

And where is he for whom a father's fate
Procur'd the sceptre and the pomp of state?

Francis the Second fainted while assisting at vespers, November 11th, 1560, and died on the 4th of December following.

Note 18, page 24.

While grief and danger track thy cheerless path,
From Catharine's envy, and Eliza's wrath.

After the death of her husband, Mary retired to a chateau near Orleans, where she remained, until Catha-

rine signified to the Duke of Guise, that it was her pleasure that she should retire farther from court. Catharine had early envied and disliked Mary, and her jealousy was again excited by a visit which she (Mary) had received from the Spanish ambassador, and which Catharine ascribed to a treaty of marriage between Don Carlos and the Queen of Scots. At this period also Queen Elizabeth had refused Mary a safe conduct to her own country, and even sent out a fleet to intercept her return, which she fortunately escaped under the cover of a thick fog.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Departure from France—Mary's Adieu—She enters the Frith of Forth—Address to Scotland—Beautiful Scenery there—Ruins of Iona by Moonlight—Ball at Holyrood—Darnley's pride and ingratitude—Earl of Murray—Marriage of Mary and Darnley—Their mutual dislike.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

ONCE more upon the deep—once more we glide
O'er the hush'd waters of the pathless tide; (1)
Our gallant bark expands its swelling sail,
Heaves with the wave, or flies before the gale;
To northern shores and colder climes assign'd,
We leave the vales of lilied France behind.

Glide on, frail bark! to thee we now confide
Our hope, our joy, our fortune, and our pride;
And oh! may'st thou with prosp'rous breeze restore
The widow'd Mary to her native shore!

It is the morn! but oh! how sadly chang'd
Since last her bark along the ocean rang'd!
Then cheerful Nature laugh'd the clouds away,
Each wave was sparkling, and each heart was gay:

Then glittering sunbeams ting'd the radiant sky,
Bright as her smile, and azure as her eye;
While (her light bark borne onward by the gale)
Hope steer'd the helm, and Fortune fann'd the sail.
Remembrance, cease! why muse on past delight,
Why mourn those moments, or recall their flight?
Those joys, young Queen! which blest thee then, have fled,
And many a friend is gather'd to the dead:
E'en Nature meets thee in her gloomiest dress,
A cheerless emblem of thine own distress;
No gladd'ning sun forbids thy heart to weep,
Gleams in the sky, or trembles in the deep;
But close conceal'd behind yon threat'ning cloud,
Veils his bright splendour with his darkest shroud.

II.

Heard ye that sigh, which, rising from the breast,
The bitter pangs of blighted hope confest?

Again it breathes—oh, Heav'n! in kindness spare
Those sounds which speak the wildness of despair!
If grief like her's thy mercy can obtain,
Oh let not Mary supplicate in vain!
See, where the monarch of a nation stands,
With hueless features and beseeching hands!
With soul that sickens as yon shores retreat,
Her soft white palms that heaving bosom beat;
Can love or terror prompt those swimming eyes
To gaze so wildly as their object flies?
Hush, idle fool! no human words can tell
The nameless griefs that in her bosom dwell;
As o'er her mind the recollections throng
Of years of greatness and of nights of song,
As if in bitter mockery to display
Life's brightest visions and their swift decay.
  Check'd by a speechless lethargy of grief,
As yet for her no tears had brought relief;
Yet when the night had veiled that cherish'd shore,
Whose sunny cliffs must meet her glance no more,

Large, thick, and fast, they fill'd her eye of blue,
While kindly usher'd by that word—Adieu!
Weep, hapless Queen! such tears may soothe thy breast,
Till wasted Nature lulls each grief to rest:
And yet 'tis vain; for lo! while others sleep,
O'er her sad breast the chilling night-winds sweep;
Her heart, regardless of the ocean's roar,
Still seeks in vain for yon far-distant shore;
Still pants for scenes where pleasure lov'd to dwell,
And breathes its sadness in this last farewell.

III.

MARY'S FAREWELL.

" Adieu, fair France! dear, happy land, adieu! (2)
" No more thy crags rise proudly to my view;
" To colder climes thy helpless Queen hath flown,
" Where all thy soft enchantments are unknown;
" My heart must find its dreams of rapture o'er,
" And dance with hope and happiness no more!

" E'en now, while night o'erspreads the boundless
" main,
" And my lone eye extends its glance in vain,
" Perchance those friends, so dearly lov'd, prolong
" The dizzy pleasures of the festive throng;
" Till the loud ocean meets each anxious ear,
" And claims for me the homage of a tear.
" Smile on, gay throng! and oh! where'er I roam,
" Be ye my loadstar, and your hearts my home;
" And may those drops that mourn my hapless doom,
" Be quickly shed upon your Mary's tomb!
" Would to these eyes the morning could disclose
" Some fleet approaching with a host of foes;
" Their hostile bands, with favouring gales combin'd,
" Should drive me back to those I've left behind;
" Once more, dear France, thy vallies to regain,
" And taste of former happiness again.
" Ah! no—let Vengeance stir the mighty scene,
" Let winds arise, and tempests intervene: (3)
" Let ocean roll above my reckless head,
" For grief conveys no torture to the dead;

" No tongue the tale of gladness shall proclaim,
" And nought be heard of Mary—but a name.
" For you, my friends! the kindlier fates prepare
" A life exempt from censure and from care;
" Your hearts each scene of rapture will renew,
" And half forget old pleasures in the new;
" While this sad bosom e'en of hope bereft,
" Shall pant for all it lov'd, and all it left:
" Then let me fly to some sequester'd cell,
" There hide my tears, and bid the world farewell!
" There let me kneel before my murder'd God,
" And strive to tread the blameless path He trod!
" Then, when all hopes of earthly bliss depart,
" And my last gasp shall tear ye from my heart;
" When life hath dwindled to its parting scene,
" And sighs no more for pleasures which have been;
" Eternal raptures to my view shall rise,
" And angels waft your Mary to the skies.
" Adieu! adieu! thou love-inspiring land,
" That woo'dst me friendless to thy welcome strand!

" Dear absent spot, where mem'ry loves to dwell,
" My best, my only country, fare-thee-well!
" Fain would I cease in princely halls to shine,
" And roam a peasant in those vales of thine;
" Then could I sit beside the murm'ring rill,
" That melts to music on the moon-lit hill;
" The meanest bird that warbles on the tree,
" Should breathe a nameless harmony for me:
" The world forgot, and all its cares unknown,
" Thy purer joys should woo me for their own."

IV.

She ceas'd—she wept—but what could tears avail
Those griefs she thus unbosom'd to the gale?
And are there none whose tears with hers may blend,
No fawning parasite, or venal friend?
She look'd around on that reposing crew,
But soon her eye its fruitless search withdrew;
She look'd to Heav'n, and in th' unclouded sky
She found an object for her sympathy.

Oh! it is sweet, with no observer near,
To kiss from beauty's cheek the crystal tear!
Who, that hath linger'd in that pleasing task,
Ere stopp'd the cause from whence they flow'd to ask?
Alas! regardless of the suff'rer's woe,
We half regret them when they cease to flow.
But lo! the grief-worn monarch of the North
Already rides upon her native Forth:
Too early skill'd to use successful wile,
Her stifled tears lay hid beneath a smile;
Yet unrestrain'd they fell in welcome showers,
When beam'd the morn upon Edina's towers.

V.

Scotland! whom Nature vainly loves to grace,
Thou rugged mother of a reckless race!
Clime of the storm, the mountain, and the flood,
Where e'en the lawless peasant pants for blood!
To thee at length the favouring zephyr brings
The widow'd scion of a hundred kings;

Breathe the light song, inspire the gladd'ning dance,
And ape at least the happier scenes of France:
Those years which reft thee of thy Queen are flown,
And Mary sits upon the Bruce's throne.

Degenerate land! tho' beauty dares for thee
The frowning horrors of the boundless sea,
The distant rocks scarce echo to the cry,
That wafts thy feeble blessing to the sky:
Does thy cold clime each rugged bosom freeze,
Or, say, hath beauty lost the power to please?
What, tho' some sage, in other lands, hath taught
A creed perchance less faultless than he ought,
Shall whisp'ring fools and canting churchmen dare
To blame her choice, or circumscribe her pray'r? (4)
Oh! know ye not, that on the wave-worn shore
Th' enraptur'd heart its pious thoughts can pour?
On mountain-crags its Maker's hand can trace,
And worship God in his own dwelling-place?
Then, Mary! then, while thy young heart shall bleed,
When scoffers frown upon thy father's creed,

The lonely peak, which lightnings love to scath,
Shall prove the altar of thy trampled faith:
With breathless awe thy heart shall seek on high
A shrineless realm of worship in the sky;
To yon blue vault shall rise each heart-felt pray'r,
While others' vows are scatter'd in the air.

VI.

In this rude clime is many a fairy spot,
Too wild, too dazzling to be soon forgot:
Here have I gaz'd, while Fancy form'd around
The fabled beauties of enchanted ground;
Oft, when the morn hath laugh'd the clouds away,
And deck'd the mountains with its earliest ray,
From Stirling's towers I've mark'd each varied hue,
Or where Loch Katrine rolls its sheet of blue:
Here the proud eagle leaves his shrubless peak,
And stoops to earth to wet his thirsty beak;
The hardy peasant here delights to tell
Where fought the Bruce, and where the Southron fell;

Still pours some lay whose wildness yet endears,
Some legend wrested from the wreck of years.
Ye who have sail'd among the thousand isles,
Where proud Iona rears its giant piles, (5)
Perchance have linger'd at that sacred spot,
To muse on men and ages half forgot:
Tho' spoil'd by time, their mould'ring walls avow
A calm that e'en the sceptic might allow;
Here, where the waves these time-worn caverns beat,
The early Christian fix'd his rude retreat;
Here first the symbol of his creed unfurl'd,
And spread religion o'er a darken'd world.
Here, as I kneel beside this moss-grown fane,
The moon sublimely holds her noiseless reign;
Through roofless piles the stars serenely gleam,
And light these arches with their yellow beam;
While the lone heart, amid the cloister'd gloom,
Indulges thoughts that soar beyond the tomb.
All-beauteous night! how lovely is each ray,
That e'en can add a splendour to decay!

For lo! where saints have heav'd the pious sigh,
The dusky owl sends forth his fearful cry:
Here, too, we mark, where yon pale beam is shed,
The scatter'd relics of the mighty dead;
The great of old—the meteors of an age—
The sceptred monarch, and the mitred sage:
What are they now?—the victims of decay—
The very worm hath left its noisome prey;
And yet, blest shades! if such a night as this
Can tempt your spirits from yon isles of bliss,
Perchance ye now are floating thro' the air,
And breathe the stillness which I seem to share.

VII.

It was the dance: the gallant and the good
Were gather'd in thy halls, fair Holyrood!
There stood the churchman in his letter'd pride,
And smil'd on follies which he dar'd not chide:
The high-born men of other courts were there,
The young, the brave, the thoughtless, and the fair;

While sparkling lamps, and beauty's sylph-like mien,
Diffus'd their influence o'er the dazzling scene.
Then music rose with a luxurious swell,
For hearts which lov'd those joyous sounds too well:
Then knights and dames in gay confusion shone,
And all were blest, or deem'd they were, but one;
And who was that?—the loveliest of them all—
The youthful mistress of that glittering hall.

In that bright throng were princes proud to stand,
For one dear kiss on that extended hand:
Aloof from these, the youthful Darnley stood (6)
In pensive posture, and in thoughtful mood;
The wretch whose heart could love or hate by rule—
The beardless coxcomb, and the titled fool.

Tho' mark'd by her whose eye each thought could trace,
Whose smile could raise him, and whose frown debase;
That scornful bosom had not learnt to hide
The traits of deep, inexplicable pride;
And—baser still—tho' fondly lov'd by her,
Whose wish was still new favours to confer;

Heedless of all, his breast had ne'er subdued
That worst of crimes—innate ingratitude!
There Murray stood (7), in sabler garb array'd
Whose joyless eye no playful mirth betray'd;
Tho' young in years, on that high brow were wrought
The lines which speak intensity of thought:
The pledge of lawless love—he could not claim
The generous boast of patrimonial fame;
And yet on him his Queen, with bounteous hand,
Had heap'd the wealth and honours of the land;
And fondly deem'd her minion had forgot
His guilty lineage, and degraded lot.
Alas! tho' lov'd by her, and blest below
With all a sister's fondness could bestow;
Mean, perjur'd wretch! thy heart forgot them all,
And sought for greatness by that sister's fall.
Yet, know that Heav'n, at its avenging day,
That deed of base unkindness will repay:
No sorrowing friend shall teach thee how to die,
Calm thy last fears, or close thy glazing eye:

The assassin's hand shall end thy dazzling course,
And wrap thy soul in anguish and remorse;
While thou wilt think upon a sister's doom,
And sink unwept, unpitied, to the tomb.

VIII.

From that high hall the glittering crowd had fled,
And all around was noiseless as the dead;
Yet she was there, while, kneeling by her side,
The favour'd Darnley claim'd her for his bride;
His honied words her thrilling heart beguil'd,
The Queen was angry, yet the woman smil'd.

Her eye awhile his graceful form perus'd,
While the deep blush her crimson'd cheek suffus'd;
She did not speak—yet in her swimming eye
There was a look of speechless sympathy;
He knew that glance, he clasp'd her to his breast,
And for that moment she perchance was blest.

And they were wed—nor boots it to relate
The noisy pageant, and the gaudy fête; (8)

From scenes like these their steps would turn away,
On some wild spot or pathless vale to stray;
There would they mingle in that sweet excess,
Which youth and beauty have the power to bless:
But oh! tho' kindred hearts may mix in love,
They only join in constancy above;
And these were deeply chang'd—but what avail
The whisper'd scandal, and the oft-told tale?
It is enough, that wisdom came too late,
That studied coldness grew to deepest hate; (9)
In him, a wish refus'd, a boon denied,
Inspir'd a fix'd aversion for his bride:
Each to the other caus'd a life of pain—
They met with frowns, and parted with disdain.

NOTES

TO

THE SECOND CANTO.

Note 1, page 37.

Once more upon the deep—once more we glide
O'er the hush'd waters of the pathless tide.

" Mary was accompanied to Calais, the place where she embarked, in a manner suitable to her dignity, as the queen of two powerful kingdoms. Six princes of Lorrain, her uncles, with many of the most eminent among the French nobles, were in her retinue. Catharine, who secretly rejoiced at her departure, graced it with every circumstance of magnificence and regret. After bidding adieu to her mourning attendants, with a sad heart, and eyes bathed with tears, Mary left that kingdom, the short but only scene of her life in which fortune smiled upon her. While the French coast continued in sight, she intently gazed upon it, and musing, in a thoughtful posture, on that height of whence she

had fallen, and presaging, perhaps, the disasters and calamities which imbittered the remainder of her days, she sighed often, and cried out, 'Farewell, France! farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!' Even when the darkness of the night had hid the land from her view, she would neither retire to the cabin, nor taste food, but commanding a couch to be placed upon the deck, she there waited the return of day with the utmost impatience. Fortune soothed her on this occasion; the galley made little way during the night. In the morning, the coast of France was still within sight, and she continued to feed her melancholy with the prospect; and, as long as her eyes could distinguish it, to utter the same tender expressions of regret. At last a brisk gale arose, by the favour of which for some days, and afterwards under the covert of a thick fog, Mary escaped the English fleet, which lay in wait to intercept her; and on the 19th of August, 1561, after an absence of near thirteen years, landed safely at Leith in her native kingdom."—Robertson's History of Scotland.

Note 2, page 40.

Adieu, fair France! dear, happy land, adieu!

Some time after her return to her native country, Mary wrote the following beautiful little song, which

will probably continue to be read as long as the French language shall remain in existence:

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus cherie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours
N'a cy de moi que le moitié;
Une partie te reste; elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Note 3, page 41.

Ah! no—let Vengeance stir the mighty scene,
Let winds arise, and tempests intervene.

At this period of her life Mary was often heard to express a wish that she was either dead, or that she had never been born; and Brantome, who was in the same vessel with her when she left France, says, that when the various shoals, which they had escaped, were pointed out to her, she observed, "that for the sake of her friends, and for the common weal of Scotland, she ought to rejoice; but that for herself, she would have esteemed it a privilege so to end her course."

Note 4, page 45.

Shall whisp'ring fools, and canting churchmen dare
To blame her choice, or circumscribe her pray'r.

Many of the misfortunes which befel Mary proceeded from the too fervent zeal of the celebrated reformer John Knox, and his bigoted colleagues, who were the chief cause by which the affection and allegiance of her subjects were alienated from her. Indeed it is almost impossible, at this distance of time, to remember this great man with any degree of admiration, when we consider that it was through the furious ardour for the reformation with which he inspired his adherents, that so many churches and monasteries, the monuments of the magnificence of former ages, were totally destroyed.

Note 5, page 47.

Where proud Iona rears its giant piles.

"Icolmkill, or Iona, is a little island, situated on the south-west point of Mull. Here are the ruins of an august nunnery, monastery, and cathedral, said to have been founded by St. Columba, about the year 785; also a small chapel, dedicated to St. Oran, containing many marble tombstones of the great lords of the isles; and adjoining it is a cemetery, in which many ancient kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway are buried. Other

ruins of monastic and druidical edifices can be traced; and many places are pointed out, noted for particular acts of St. Columba. This island was the great retreat of learning during the Gothic ignorance which pervaded Europe after the overthrow of the Roman empire, and the seminary whence issued those pious monks and laymen, who again revived learning, and propagated Christianity through many kingdoms of Europe. This place, formerly so religious, has now divine service performed only four times a year."—Brookes's Gazetteer.

Dr. Johnson, in describing this celebrated spot, has given vent to one of those fine bursts of feeling which are so often interspersed through his writings. "We are now treading," he says, "that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such rigid philosophy, as may conduct us unmoved over any ground, which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not

gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."—Journey to the Western Islands.

Note 6, page 49.

Aloof from these the youthful Darnley stood.

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, was the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox: the latter had married the niece of Henry the Eighth, who, after Mary, was the heir presumptive to the throne of England. This young nobleman, although captivated with the beauty of Mary's person, and destined hereafter to share her throne, unluckily had not sufficient command over himself to restrain the arrogance and conceit, which the consciousness of possessing superior gracefulness and beauty had inspired him with. The defects in his temper, even before marriage, are thus described by a contemporary writer: "His behaviour is such, he is runne in open contempt of all men, even of those that were his chief friends; what shall become of him, I know not, but it is greatly to be feared that he can have no long life amongst this people. The Queen herself, being of better understanding, seeketh to frame and fashion him to the nature of her subjects: no persuasion can alter that which custom hath made old in him. He is counted proud, disdainful, and suspicious; which kind of men, this of any other least bear."—Randolph in Keith.

Note 7, page 50.

There Murray stood, &c.

The Earl of Murray was shot, in the zenith of his power, by one Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, while passing through the streets of Linlithgow, 1570.

Note 8, page 51.

And they were wed—nor boots it to relate
The noisy pageant, or the gaudy fête.

Mary was married to Darnley on the 29th of July, 1565. The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Restabrig in the chapel of Holyrood.

Note 9, page 52.

It is enough, that wisdom came too late,
That studied coldness grew to deepest hate.

The following is a sketch of Darnley's behaviour four months after marriage: "All people say, that Darnley is too much addicted to drinking. 'Tis certainly reported there was some jar betwixt the Queen and him, at an entertainment in a merchant's house in Edinburgh, she only dissuading him from drinking too much himself, and enticing others; in both which he proceeded, and gave her such words, that she left the palace with tears;

which they that are known to their proceedings, say, is not strange to be seen. These jars arise, amongst other things, from his seeking the matrimonial crown, which she will not yield unto: the calling in of the coin, wherein they were both, and the duke's (of Castelherault) finding so favourable address, which has much displeased both him and his father. Darnley is in great disliking with the Queen: she is very weary of him: and, as some judge, will be more so ere long; for true it is, that those who depend wholly upon him, are not liked of her: nor they that follow her, of him; as David Rizzio, and others. Some say she likes the duke better now than formerly; so some think, that if there should be the quarrel betwixt her and Darnley, which she could not appease, that she will use the duke's aid in that affair. There also have arisen some unkind speeches, about signing letters; he, immediately after his marriage, signing first, which she will not allow of now. His government is very much blamed, for he is thought to be wilful and haughty, and some say, vicious; whereof too many were witnesses the other day at Inchkeith, with the Lord Robert, Fleming, and such like grave personages."—Letter from Sir William Drury to Secretary Cecil.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Murder of Rizzio—Death of Darnley—Bothwell supposed to be his Murderer—Mary is married to him—They are driven from the Throne—Bothwell flies the Country—Mary is imprisoned in Lochleven Castle—Her escape from it—Ruins of Lochleven, and the thoughts which they inspire—Battle of Langside—Mary's hopes are again destroyed—Fotheringay Castle—Death of Mary.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

To those gay walls, where Mary held her court,
Would foreign knights, and tuneful bards resort;
There, when the labours of the day were past,
And social freedom brought repose at last;
The Queen, encircled by that cherish'd throng,
Would sit and listen to the poet's song:
The mournful theme would charm th' enraptur'd ear,
And draw from each the tribute of a tear.
'Twas then that Rizzio swept his thrilling lyre, (1)
Which fill'd each bosom with its kindred fire:
His glitt'ring mantle o'er his arm was hung,
While to his notes the royal syren sung:

But hark! why cease those strains? what danger calls,
The clang of armour to these echoing walls?
They come, they come! poor wretch, th' assassin's knife
Must end at once thy numbers, and thy life!
Ay, count thy beads! all earthly hope is o'er,
The foremost ruffian bursts the yielding door;
'Tis the dark Ruthven! mark his ashy hue,
His face more frightful than his lawless crew;
That soulless fiend hath left a dying bed,
To heap his vengeance on another's head.
And who that one?—the favour'd of his Queen,
Whose greatest crime too fond a zeal had been:
Vain were his shrieks, for that remorseless band
Had seiz'd their victim with unyielding hand;
He grasp'd his Queen; could she his pray'r deny?
Could she thus bear to see her minstrel die?
Ah! no—that feeling heart had firmer grown,
In his distress each selfish fear had flown:
She laid her hand upon each iron arm,
And vainly strove their growing wrath to charm:

She wept: alas! no pity they reveal,
But turn in silence from that soft appeal:
That fatal stab hath reach'd its victim's breast,
And death hath left her nothing to request. (2)
Oh! it would shake the sturdiest heart to scan
The bloodless features of that murder'd man;
Those nostrils widen'd by his dying gasp,
The dirk that still those stiffen'd fingers grasp;
The gaping wound thro' which his spirit fled,
The glaring eye-balls starting from his head;
Might scare the sternest bosom with affright,
And Mary turn'd her from the sick'ning sight.

II.

Again the dance in Holyrood arose,
Once more her bosom half forgot its woes;
Then kindred hearts exchang'd impassion'd sighs,
And look'd for love into each other's eyes;
While glitt'ring lamps were half bereav'd of light,
From gems more brilliant, and from eyes more bright.

But hark! why sounds that horrid crash on high,
As if to cleave the vapours of the sky?
What viewless power that sudden light unfurl'd,
To scare the slumbers of a dazzled world?
Was it some sweeping thunderbolt that fell?
Or burst an earthquake with that hideous yell?
Hush, curious fools! the morrow will impart
A tale of terror to each shudd'ring heart;
Shall breathe a secret, which will leave behind
A crowd of dark reflections for mankind.

That morn hath come; and lo! the menials bring
The proof of all they fear'd—their murder'd king: (3)
Oh! who could gaze upon that form, and trace
One line of beauty in that blacken'd face?
Ill-fated youth! forgetful of his woes,
While slumber lull'd his bosom in repose;
The sulph'rous mine (when night had lent her aid)
Beneath the chamber of his rest was laid;
While, in the gloom, the spoiler stood aloof,
To heap destruction on that fated roof.

He fir'd the train: then rose the wretch on high,
Hurl'd with a thousand fragments to the sky:
The bursting flames in sudden splendour flash'd,
The rafters crackled, and the ruins crash'd:
The eagle rous'd him at that awful shock,
The screaming curlew fled the distant rock:
The startled stag a moment snuff'd the gale,
Then flew affrighted down the pathless vale;
While echo roll'd along the wave-worn shore,
Then died, and all was noiseless as before.

III.

Scion of kings! unsheath thy father's sword,
And smite the assassin of thy murder'd lord!
Let Justice rise, and on his head be spent
The deepest pangs that Vengeance can invent;
A parent's tear—a nation seeks from thee
That one slight proof of thy fidelity.

Alas! young Queen, those eyes alone are dry,
Thy heart is deafen'd to thy people's cry:

They call for vengeance: oh! hast thou forgot
The man that lov'd thee, and his fearful lot?
And know'st thou not, that whisp'ring tongues impart
Their dark surmises in the crowded mart?
The ruthless actor of that deed proclaim,
And breathe—thy dearest friend—thy Bothwell's name? (4)
Alas! what snatch'd the murd'rer from his fate? (5)
A frighten'd jury, and a mock debate:
Yet do'st thou smile upon that man of guilt,
Albeit by him thy husband's blood was spilt;
By thy command, the council and the field
To him their honours and their guidance yield;
While through his hands in thick profusion flow
The choicest gifts thy kingdom can bestow.
Oh! was it rashness, unsubdued by time,
That urg'd that fault?—oh! call it not a crime!
Or was it love, or gratitude, that taught
Those eyes to look less angry than they ought?
Yes, it was love—intensely, deeply felt,
For him whose crimes were slighted as he knelt:

For him, whose heart so oft had been to thee
An isle of promise on a troubled sea.

IV.

He was not one whose tears were wont to flow
At sights of sorrow, or at tales of woe;
His was that utter selfishness of heart,
Where passion holds a secondary part:
He look'd on Mary as a soulless thing,
Whose love some high emolument would bring;
Or if the tear-drop in her swimming eye
Could draw from him the homage of a sigh,
His breast would startle at that soft alarm,
And spurn the feeling when it ceas'd to charm.
He sought for fame; nor car'd he to avow
By love or hate it little matter'd how:
His search was greatness, and it seem'd his own,
If he might sit on Caledonia's throne;
He knew that Mary lov'd him, and he deem'd
Her breast was still more reckless than it seem'd:

He had a lovely bride; yet he betray'd
But little feeling for the wreck he made;
A venal murder, and a mean divorce,(6)
Exchang'd his former thraldom for remorse;
His friends he sooth'd, and spurn'd the world beside,
Its curse seem'd nought—for Mary was his bride.
Yes, they were wed! but for that reckless deed
Their peace must perish, and a nation bleed:
His country's cause her brother hath embrac'd, (7)
To drive them from a throne that fault debased:
The guilty Bothwell scarce had time to fly,
To plan new crimes beneath another sky;
While she was doom'd to fear a captive's grave,
Where Leven's towers rise proudly o'er the wave.

Within those cheerless walls would Scotland's Queen
Recall the days of gladness which had been;
There, from her only offspring forc'd to part,
That worst of sorrows to a mother's heart!
O'er blighted hopes her tears were wont to flow,
For past imprudence, and from present woe;

Her grief perchance less easy to sustain,
Since through a brother came that load of pain.

V.

Slow sinks the sun, and brighter in decay,
Gilds the glad mountains with his parting ray;
O'er crag and brake expands his mellowing dyes,
And spreads a sea of glory in the skies.
All, all is hush'd! on Leven's castled isle
The Lord of day has set his farewell smile:
Oh! while he lingers in th' unclouded west,
What varied feelings dwell in Mary's breast!
While his last beams illume Bennarty's hill, (8)
Hope, fear, and doubt by turns her bosom fill;
For, on this eve, have thousands sworn to save
Their injur'd monarch from a living grave.
The day hath clos'd, and each sequester'd glade
Hath chang'd from twilight to a deeper shade;
The viewless stars their wonted light deny,
And shapeless vapours float across the sky:

Where'er we gaze no glimm'ring taper beams,
Save one that high in Leven's turret gleams;
And yet that lamp, albeit so dim, imparts
A ray of comfort to a thousand hearts.
'Tis night; and lo! to yon dark islet-shore,
A band of patriots row with muffled oar;
Unseen—unheard—they reach those hated walls,
'Tis there their monarch weeps, their duty calls:
And she has bid to those proud towers adieu,
And wildly speaks her thanks to that kind crew;
On, on! the moon is bursting from its shroud,
Their foes descry them with that passing cloud:
Behold! they gather on the hostile wall,
The pointed cannon whirls the hissing ball!
In vain, in vain! far, far beyond its reach,
The trembling Queen hath gain'd the welcome beach;
Once more o'er dauntless hosts to rule awhile,
And gain the hearts of thousands by a smile(9)

VI.

Thou time-worn pile! what hours and years have fled
Since beauty's tears upon hearths were shed!
No more thy turrets, in the wave descried,
Display the busy pomp of feudal pride;
But mould'ring stand, bereft of all their state,
A roofless mass—a lesson to the great.
Yet who could mark, without one heartfelt sigh,
Thy once proud halls in shapeless ruin lie?
Thy walls with ivy, or with moss o'ergrown,
Thy chambers tenantless, thy roofs o'erthrown?
Yes, we must weep, for this rude heap has been
The gilded dungeon of a crownless Queen;
Here her light hand the trembling harp-strings swept,
Here, where I weep, the childless Mary wept;
But now the bats through these dark arches roam,
And the lone owl hath mark'd them for his home:
The trembling peasant, as the darkness falls,
Scarce dares to glance upon their crumbling walls;

Yet shall they stand—and, 'midst the wreck of years,
Remind a nation of their monarch's tears.

VII.

Queen of a thousand griefs! those dreams have flown,
Which gave thee back a kingdom, once thine own:
No more thy smiles o'er ravish'd chiefs prevail,
No more thy banners float upon the gale;
Hush'd are the tongues which rais'd thy name on high,
With one proud wish, to conquer or to die:
Just heav'n hath doom'd thee to a life of pain,
And slaughter'd hosts were sacrific'd in vain.
Bright rose the morn! and battle's fiery tide
Was rolling far and fiercely on Langside;
Then charging bands on bleeding comrades trod,
Then rose the cry—"For Mary and for God!"
But now those fierce battalions meet no more,
And hark! more feeble grows the cannon's roar;
For one of those two glittering hosts has fled,
And left unmourn'd the dying and the dead.

And where was she for whom those warriors met,
Who caus'd those horrors she can ne'er forget?
Oh! she was there, and watching from afar
The rush, the conflict, and the fate of war:
Her eye beheld on that ensanguin'd plain
Her banners trampled, and her heroes slain;
Now she must fly from that bewild'ring scene,
And seek for refuge from a sister-queen;
And think'st thou, Mary! that thou e'er canst find
One gleam of pity in Eliza's mind?
Think'st thou that she will heed her rival's moan,
Or smile on charms more lovely than her own?
Ah! no—from her in all their force must spring,
Each pang that from its victim hate can wring;
While thy sad breast shall heave with many a sigh,
Through years of anguish and captivity;
And learn those dark forebodings which intrude
To waste the captive in his solitude;
Without one soothing interval of joy,
One tender look upon thy absent boy;

Whose reckless heart shall never feel the glow
Of grief or anger for a mother's woe.
Yes, thou shalt mark, in loneliness of heart,
Each hope desert thee, and each charm depart;
To thee shall hate the blackest crimes assign,
And join the assassin's dreaded name with thine:
But years shall pass, and find thy breast elate
With glad submission to approaching fate;
And what that fate?—the sentence of the land—
A death of horror by the headsman's hand!

VIII.

Scion of many kings! oh, say! is this
The end of all thy hopes, and all thy bliss?
For thou wert blest, when by a single glance
Thy beauty triumph'd o'er the dames of France;
Oh! then, while pleasure woo'd thy joyous heart,
Those moments seem'd too dazzling to depart;
And yet they fled, and left thee to repine
That not a wretch would change his lot with thine.

Bright as the cherish'd form that blest my youth,
Dear as those days of passion and of truth;
Thine image still in this sad bosom glows,
Wakes all thy charms, and calls forth all thy woes:
For I have lov'd on many a night to roam
O'er ruins once thy dungeon, or thy home;
Oft have I wept o'er proud Craigmillar's walls,
O'er Stirling's ramparts, and Linlithgow's halls;
And I have mus'd where Rizzio stain'd with blood
The dusky chambers of old Holyrood;
Or where Lochleven's sombre turrets throw
Their dark'ning shadows in the lake below:
These, each of these, contains a charm for me,
They sooth my bosom, for they speak of thee.
Scion of Bruce! as if of Heaven accurst,
Of life's dark changes thou hast known the worst:
Where'er thy glance in love or kindness fell,
With whomsoe'er thy smiles were wont to dwell;
On each dear friend some sad misfortune tower'd,
From sickly Francis to the gallant Howard;

And now thy foes by blackest arts prepare
A death of deep dishonour for thy share:
Yet shalt thou feel, in that last scene below,
A bright equivalent for every woe;
Wilt learn their schemes of hatred to despise,
And view their harshness with an angel's eyes.

IX.

The rising sun had ting'd with mellowing ray
The gloomy turrets of proud Fotheringay: (11)
There, in a chamber of monastic state,
Were rang'd the dark preparatives of fate:
There stood the block, the scaffold, and the axe,
Whose sight might make the sternest ire relax;
Then peal'd the death-hymn, and the deep-ton'd bell
Sent forth at intervals its hollow knell;
While whisp'ring guards with anxious features frown'd,
In sad and solemn pageantry around.

And she was there, with calm, unruffled mien—
The childless mother, and the throneless Queen;

Her imag'd Saviour on her breast reclin'd,—
How far more deeply pictur'd in her mind!
By Him protected, when her doom drew near,
And her last thoughts recall'd her past career;
She did not start, nor tremble at her lot,
Nor glance on those around as half forgot;
But, like the surface of a summer stream,
When Heaven's bright hues within its waters gleam,
That brow was still majestically calm,
As if on her e'en death confer'd a balm.

E'en tho' her eye beheld that dark parade,
Her gentle voice no cringing fear betray'd:
She did not strike her throbbing breast, nor tear
The wand'ring tresses of her auburn hair;
But blest with those pure feelings which illume
That scene which leads the captive to his doom;
She fondly strove, unmov'd herself, to cheer
The fault'ring hearts of those she held most dear;
While her last pray'r before her soul arose,
For all whom hate or envy made her foes.

From that fair neck the clust'ring locks are shorn,
So oft in scenes of festive gladness worn:
Oh! as she rais'd her tearless eyes on high,
As if to seek for firmness from the sky;
No gazer's heart, of all that crowd, could brook
The cheerful calmness of that farewell look:
The headsman, ere his arm perform'd its task,
One kiss on that fair hand presum'd to ask;
E'en shudder'd as he mark'd a thing so meek,
And brush'd a tear of pity from his cheek.

Her beads were told! and not a breast but felt
A sigh escape it, as she meekly knelt;
As bow'd that slender neck upon the block,
In calm expectance of the coming shock.
Then, while each bosom sicken'd with its dread,
Down fell the axe, and drop'd the sever'd head:
Each limb sunk nerveless, and the headless trunk
A moment quiver'd as the sinews shrunk:
Those eyes which seemed the heaven's clear blue to share,
Now wildly settled in a glassy stare:

The slaking dust received the spouting gore,
Those lips a moment moved—and all was o'er! (12)
My song hath ceas'd! my task is at an end!
Nor should the bard to meaner themes descend:
She, whom he sung, is gather'd with the blest,
Where troubles cease, and sorrow is at rest:
For her he sought one pitying tear to gain,
Oh! spare the subject though he strives in vain.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE THIRD.

Note 1, page 63.

'Twas then that Rizzio swept his thrilling lyre.

David Rizzio was the son of a musician of Turin, and having accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador into Scotland, gained admission into the Queen's family, by his skill in music. He quickly crept into favour, and her French secretary happening to return about that time into his own country, was preferred by her to that office.—Robertson.

Note 2, page 65.

That fatal stab hath reach'd its victim's breast,
And death hath left her nothing to request.

" On the 9th of March, 1566, Morton entered the court of the palace (Holyrood) with an hundred and

sixty men; and without noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates. While the queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domestics, the king suddenly entered the apartment by a private passage. At his back was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid look which long sickness had given him. Three or four of his most trusty accomplices followed him. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present. Rizzio instantly apprehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was aimed, and in the utmost consternation retired behind the queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence due to her person might prove some protection to him. The conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any consideration of that kind. Numbers of armed men rushed into the chamber. Ruthven drew his dagger, and, with a furious mien and voice, commanded Rizzio to leave a place of which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too long. Mary employed tears, and entreaties, and threatenings, to save her favourite. But, notwithstanding all these, he was torn from her by violence, and before he could be dragged through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds."—Robertson.

Every circumstance which accompanied this execrable crime is able to give us some fresh insight into the man-

ners of the age in which it was perpetrated. It was not only committed in the queen's bedchamber, when she was six months gone with child, but was even planned and executed by the Earl of Morton, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, whose duty it was to protect the laws; and by the king himself, who chose this place for the execution of his purpose, that he might be able to embitter the last moments of his victim, by reproaching him, in the presence of his mistress, with his imaginary crimes. The apartments in which this dreadful outrage was committed are still pointed out to the curious stranger among the wonders of Holyrood. The closet in which Mary was at supper with her guests, the dark stains which were caused by the blood of Rizzio, and the partition which Mary ordered to be placed before them, that she might not be too often reminded of the shocking occurrence, still remain; and fill the mind of the observer with those melancholy thoughts, which the relics of this unfortunate princess seldom, if ever, fail to inspire us with.

Note 3, page 66.

the menials bring
The proof of all they fear'd—their murder'd king.

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, was murdered on Sunday the ninth of February, 1567, in the twenty-first

year of his age. On his recovery from a severe illness he had been placed, for the benefit of a salubrious air, in a house called the Kirk of Field, which is supposed to have been situated nearly on the same spot where the house of the Principal of the University of Edinburgh now stands. Mary had left him about nine o'clock in the evening to be present at a mask at Holyrood, and about three hours afterwards the house in which he lodged was blown up with gunpowder. The whole city of Edinburgh was alarmed at the noise which it occasioned, and the next morning the bodies of Darnley and his servant were found in a garden near the spot, without any apparent mark of violence having been used towards them. It is generally supposed that the murderers, having strangled them, removed their bodies to the place where they were discovered, and afterwards blew up the house. Two thousand pounds were offered to whoever should discover the perpetrators of the crime.

Note 4, page 68.

The ruthless actor of that deed proclaim,
And breathe—thy dearest friend—thy Bothwell's name.

There can be little doubt, whoever were accessaries to it, that Bothwell was the principal at Darnley's murder. Those who have never read it, will find some interesting subjects for controversy in the "Dissertation on King

Henry's Murder" at the end of Robertson's History of Scotland.

Note 5, page 68.

What snatch'd the murd'rer from his fate?

By the entreaties of Lord Lennox, the father of Darnley, Bothwell was brought to trial on the 5th of April, 1567. On the day appointed he appeared, but with such a formidable retinue, that it would have been dangerous to condemn, and impossible to punish him. The jury, consisting of peers and barons of the first rank, found him not guilty of the crime. It is remarkable that Bothwell sat as a member at that meeting of the privy council which gave directions with regard to the time and manner of his trial.—Robertson.

Note 6, page 70.

A venal murder, and a mean divorce.

Bothwell was divorced from his wife, Lady Jane Gordon, the sister of the Earl of Huntly, on the 29th of April, 1567. On the 15th of May following, after being created Duke of Orkney, his marriage with Mary was solemnized, according to the rites of the Protestant Church, by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney.

Note 7, page 70.

His country's cause her brother hath embrac'd.

The nobles, being disgusted at Mary's conduct, at the instigation of Murray took up arms against her and Bothwell; the latter, being obliged to fly the kingdom, turned pirate, but, being taken by the Norwegians, was thrown into prison. He remained here ten years; melancholy and despair deprived him of reason, and at last he ended his days, unpitied by his countrymen, and unassisted by strangers.—Robertson.

Note 8, page 71.

Bennarty's hill.

Bennarty is situated on the south side of Lochleven: the castle where Mary was confined stands on a small island in the middle of the lake. She was brought here on the 18th of June, 1567.

Note 9, page 72.

Once more o'er dauntless hosts to rule awhile,
And gain the hearts of thousands by a smile.

"Mary had been so often disappointed in her attempts to escape from Lochleven, and was so little sanguine of any new enterprise, that on the first of May (the eve of

her deliverance) she wrote to Catharine de Medicis that she was watched day and night, the girls of the castle sleeping in her chamber; and that, unless the French king interposed, she should remain in prison for life. The next afternoon, William Douglass (a poor dependant on the house of Lochleven) had the address to steal the keys from the hall in which Sir William and his mother were sitting at supper. The queen being apprized of this circumstance, once more descended, with her maid, to the lake, where a boat was waiting, into which they both entered, the maid assisting William in rowing; and, as they approached the shore, he flung into the lake the keys of the castle they had just quitted. Scarcely had she landed, when she was mounted on a palfrey, and conveyed to Niddry, the seat of Lord Seaton, where, surrounded by friends, Mary might exclaim with ecstacy, 'I am once more a queen!' How often, in succeeding years of captivity, must the recollection of that rapturous welcome have imparted a momentary sensation of pleasure to her oppressed heart!"—Benger.

Note 10, page 74.

Queen of a thousand griefs! those dreams have flown,
Which gave thee back a kingdom, once thine own.

On the thirteenth day after Mary's escape from Lochleven, the army, which had crowded to her standard,

was totally defeated at Langside, and she herself obliged to fly to England, after a narrow escape from her enemies. She arrived at Workington in Cumberland on the 15th of May, 1568, accompanied by her faithful adherent Lord Herries, and Mary Seaton, the companion of her childhood.

Note 11, page 78.

The gloomy turrets of proud Fotheringay.

After an imprisonment of eighteen years in different parts of England, Fotheringay castle was destined to be the scene where Mary should close her unfortunate life. It was here that she composed the following beautiful little poem:

Que suis-je helas? et de quoi sert la vie?
J'en suis fors qu'on corps privé de cueur;
Un ombre vayn, un objet de malheur,
Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.
Plus ne me portez, O enemys, d'envie,
Qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur:
J'ai consommé d'excessive douleur,
Vottre ire en bref de voir assouvie.
Et vous amys qui m'avez tenu chere,
Souvenez-vous que sans cueur, et sans santez,
Je ne scaurois auqun bon œuvre faire.
Souhaitez donc fin de calamitez,

Et que fus bas etant assez punie,
J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.

The original manuscript copy of these verses is still extant. They are written on a sheet of paper, by Mary herself, in a large rambling hand.

Note 12, page 81.

The slaking dust received the spouting gore,
Those lips a moment moved—and all was o'er!

The last scene of Mary Queen of Scots is thus described by Udal: "The fatal day beginning to breake, (viz. the VI. Ides of February,) she apparelled her selfe neatlier and finer, as she used to be on festivall daies, and calling her servants together, read over her will, and requested them to take in good part the legacies shee gave, since that her ability was not to bestow any more; and then setting her mind all upon God, with all humility, in her chapell, besought him to give her his grace and favour with sighs, teares, and praiers, untill the time that Thomas Andrewes, sheriffe of the shire, told her that she was to come forth. Shee came forth majestically, in stature, beautie, and shew, with a cheereful countenance, matronlike apparell, and very modest, her head being covered with a linnen veile, and the same hanging very low, her beads hanging downe at her girdle, and carrying a crucifix of ivory in her hands. In

the gallery the earles (of Kent and Shrewsbury) and other gentlemen received her, where Melvin, her servant, on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, lamented his fortune, that he should carrie this heavie and sad newes of the wofull death of his lady into Scotland. Shee comforting him, said, Doe not lament, but rather be glad, thou shalt straight-waies see Mary Stuart delivered and freed from all cares. When she had said thus, and turned away, she was permitted to have those of her servants present whom shee would name. She nominated Melvin, Burgoine, her physitian, the apothecarie and chirurgeon, and two maids and others, of the which Melvin bore up her traine. So, the gentlemen, two earles, and the sheriffe of the shire going before her, she came to the scaffold, which was set up in the upper end of the hall, in the which was a chaire, a cushion, a blocke, and all covered with blacke cloth. As soone as she sate downe, Beale read the commission, and she heard attentively, as if it had beene another matter. Then Fletcher, Deane of Peterburgh, began a tedious speech unto her of the condition of her life formerly past, and the present, and that to come. Once or twice shee interrupted his speech, and desired him not to trouble her, and protested that she was settled in the ancient Catholike religion, and was ready to end her life in the same. After the deane had ended his prayers, shee in the English tongue commended unto God the

Church, her sonne, and Queene Elizabeth, and besought him to avert his indignation from this isle. Then shee forgave the executioners, who asked pardon. And when her maids had taken off her upper garments, shee hastening them, they cried out amaine, shee kissing them and signing them with the crosse, and smiling bade them farewell. Her face being covered with a linnen cloth, lying on the blocke, shee said the Psalme, In te Domine confido, ne confundar in æternum. Then as shee stretched out her body, and oftentimes repeated, In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, her head was cut off at two blowes. The deane saying aloud, 'So let the enemies of Queene Elizabeth perish,' the Earle of Kent saying the same, and the multitude sighing and grieving thereat. Her body was embawmed, and was after buried like a prince in the cathedrall church of Peterburgh." Thus, on the 7th of February, 1587, died Mary Queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen of which she passed in captivity. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

STANZAS TO ——.

Oh! come to our violet bank, my love,
When no breath o'er the wave is creeping;
When the moon and the stars shine bright above,
And all save ourselves are sleeping.

We'll roam where the boughs of the aspen float,
Each leaf with the dew bespangled;
Where the nightingale pours its softest note,
And the vine with the rose is tangled.

They may tell thee thy lover is false, my dear,
And sooner or late will leave thee;
But I'll swear by the orbs in yon cloudless sphere,
That my bosom shall ne'er deceive thee.

Then come, and we'll laugh at the scornful foes,
Who could deem that we felt their power;
And I'll deck thy brown locks with the loveliest rose
That blooms in thy father's bower.

And we'll gaze on the stars in the deep-blue air,
Each pang from the heart beguiling;
And we'll fancy that those whom we lov'd are there,
On the friends of their childhood smiling.

Then come to our violet bank, my love,
When no breath o'er the wave is creeping;
When the moon and the stars shine bright above,
And all save ourselves are sleeping.

STANZAS TO ——.

LADY! forgive the useless sigh,
  Forgive the light and aimless song,
Which swears that thine's the brightest eye
  That ever beam'd in beauty's throng.

Thou know'st not, and thou canst not know,
  From whom this idle strain proceeds;
The heart from whom its numbers flow,
  In silence loves, in silence bleeds.

Still must I be content to meet,
  And gaze upon thee in the dance;
Where glittering forms with fairy feet,
  Like moonbeams on the water, glance.

Yet when I gaz'd upon thy face,
And met thy mildly-beaming eye;
Methought therein mine own could trace
A glance of speechless sympathy.

Perchance 'twas vain—and yet that look,
So soft, so beautifully kind,
Hath taught my aching heart to brook
Th' unfeeling coldness of mankind.

Lady! farewell—in happier days
My heart may dare to breathe its sighs;
Till then—forgive these useless lays,
Forget—do all things but despise!

THE GREEK SAILOR'S SONG.

'Tis morn, and the tempest no longer is foaming,
I've left my last kiss on my Haidee's cheek;
Then, far from the chains of the Mussulman roaming,
Let me seek the blue wave in my little caîque.

When high on the surge of the ocean I'm soaring,
When sinks the proud ship 'midst the mariner's shriek,
Unhurt by the tempest so fearfully roaring,
I glide lightly by in my little caîque.

I leave thee, my country! all blighted and lonely,
Thy shores are defenceless, thy sons are all weak,
But wherever I wander my heart shall bemoan thee,
As I sing to the oar of my little caîque.

Though 'tis long since the name of the Helots has
perish'd,
Their spirit still lingers in every Greek:
Though blighted the hopes I so fondly have cherish'd,
Yet liberty breathes in my little caîque.

Could our ancestors think while the Persian was flying,
That their sons could look down on their chains and
be meek?
Could they think, while for freedom the Spartan was
dying,
That freedom would end in a little caîque?

My country! oh! how canst thou turn to that hour,
Nor hasten thy wrath on each despot to wreak?
Awake—and throw off the proud Ottoman's power,
Let Greece be as free as my little caîque!

TO MARY.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, has chang'd
The placid aspect of my brow;
Mary! from other ties estrang'd,
I'll cherish still my youthful vow.

Perchance in life's more sober hour,
When all our hopes are fix'd above;
Thy charms, sweet girl, may lose their power,
Yet think not then we cease to love.

Friendship shall every care beguile
When love can warm the heart no more;
And memory, waking with a smile,
Shall join us firmer than before.

And oft, when time our vows hath prov'd,
We'll turn to those sweet hours of joy;
When both were loving and belov'd,
When thou wert fair, and I—a boy.

THE DEATH-BED.

CALM as the eve of parting day,
When beams its last expiring ray,
Fair Emma sinks by slow decay
To realms of endless harmony.

The group of friends so lov'd, so dear,
The father's sigh, the mother's tear,
Too truly told the hour was near
Of death approaching rapidly.

The outstretch'd hand, the lover's kiss,
The hopes of everlasting bliss,
That seek beyond the grave's abyss,
The raptures of Eternity:

The half-suppression of the sigh,
The stifled tear in every eye,
Foretold the awful doom was nigh,
Though reft of half its agony.

The half-clos'd eye, the uprais'd look,
The hand upon the sacred book,
The parting smile which none could brook,
Call'd forth the tears of misery.

One wish to gain the heavenly shore,
One sigh for those she'd see no more,
One struggle—and it all was o'er,
And buried in futurity.

THE DEATH OF THE ATHEIST,

A FRAGMENT.

Ἐχθρόν γε θνητοῖς, καὶ θεοῖς στυγούμενον.—Eurip.

———————— Loud blew the angry blast;
The midnight storm was hurtling in the air,
And all was dark and desolate: the moon
Refus'd her wonted solace, and withdrew
Her train of starry satellites! and all
Was buried in the fearfulness of night.
No light shone in the firmament, save where
The lightning flash'd across the traveller's path
In transient splendour, which but serv'd to show
The dangers and the horrors of the way.
All nature was convuls'd: the elements,
So lately sleeping in one happy calm

Of heav'nly peacefulness, now burst their bounds,
And seem'd one universal war to wage.
Loud burst the thunder-crash; and each man look'd
Into his neighbour's face, as if to ask
If that night were his last? for it did seem
As if the Almighty Angel had dissolv'd
The charm of death; and that dread hour had come
Which borders on eternity, when all
Must wake from the omnipotence of death.

The horse had thrown his rider: his wild eyes
Seem'd starting from their sockets; he burst forth
Heedless and masterless, and with each flash
Rear'd his proud neck, and stood aghast with fear;
So terrible and awful was that night!

But who was he, who, in that fearful hour,
Unknown and friendless, 'neath a stranger's roof,
Had found a cheerless welcome, but to breathe
His last farewell in frightful agony?

'Twas the stern Atheist! in whose guilty face,
Death was too deeply stamp'd: within his breast

Tumultuous passions rag'd, more horrible
Than the proud elements, which round him pour'd
Their wrath in each loud thunder-crash, as if
Revolting at the actions of that man.
Fix'd was his glazed eye and motionless;
His glance was terrible: upon his brow
A thousand crimes were trac'd, and on his lineaments
Despair, disease, and miserable death!
He turn'd to former deeds, and if perchance
Oblivion would disperse them, and produce
One gleam of sweet forgetfulness, too soon
Remembrance would awake, and o'er him burst
In one long fearful groan of misery.
The thunder roll'd above him; and more near
The lightning flash'd—oh! surely in that hour
The Almighty wrath was kindled, for if aught
Did whisper of repentance, he would curl
His lip in bitter scorn. Upon his brow
Sat the big heat-drops—and his voice howl'd forth

Wild and unmeaning sentences, which spoke
Of murder, sacrilege, and fearful deeds.
And now the storm roll'd on more awfully;
All objects faded round him, and a film
Spread o'er his fixed eyes; for death held forth
His last and darkest terrors: in his throat
Th' unutterable words were chok'd, which breath'd
Curses and blasphemies; he heav'd his breast,
Gasping for breath—and gave one shriek—and died!

THE DYING MUSSULMAN'S SONG.

I see—I see a dark-ey'd maid of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green, and cries aloud—Come, kiss me! for I love you.—*Notes to the Giaour.*

AWAY with those accents of sorrow and wail!
No eye should be wet, and no cheek should be pale;
For a fair maid of Eden shall bear up my soul,
When it bursts from the bonds of its mortal controul.

I see her, as lightly she floats o'er the scene,
And she waves from her bower her kerchief of green;
And her arms, as she points to our nuptial bed,
Are more white than the lilies which droop on her head.

And that couch shall be spread in a garden of roses,
Where the Zephyr shall sport, and where Pleasure reposes;

And there shall a shower of violets hide
The blush as it gleams o'er the cheek of my bride.

Oh! mark, where the rays of the morning unfold
The dazzling display of its sapphire and gold;
But the blaze, which encircles them, scarcely can vie
With the languishing glance of that dark-rolling eye.

And that form shall recline in her roseate bowers,
And catch in her bosom the violet showers;
And that bosom the Zephyr shall court with a kiss,
As he wafts his perfume to her garden of bliss.

STANZAS.

METHOUGHT that I roam'd in the fields of the blest,
A spirit of air in the regions above;
Yet methought that I fled from that heavenly rest,
To smile on the spot and the friend of my love.

And I rov'd o'er each valley, and smil'd on each glade,
And breath'd with those friends that in childhood were dear;
But they pass'd by the spot where my bones had been laid,
And they heav'd not a sigh, and they shed not a tear.

And if one sad feeling of sorrow arose,
Which told them that friend whom they lov'd was no more,
Too quickly that thought in forgetfulness froze,
And each breast was as light and as gay as before.

But yet there was one, who, alone and unseen,
Had sought with that stillness his sorrows to blend;
To muse on the days and the joys which had been,
And to weep o'er the tomb and the faults of his friend.

And he sat on my grave, and sweet garlands he wreath'd,
And the lips which had blest me stirr'd meekly with pray'r;
While methought that I drank each long sigh which he breath'd,
And wafted those words to the regions of air.

But how wondrous is fate, and how stern its decree!
That friend whom I cherish'd hath bow'd to the storm;
And, Henry, the task which I deem'd was for thee,
Has been left for affection and me to perform.

Then light be the turf that encircles thy tomb,
And there may the rose with the cypress entwine;
For the breasts which I deem'd were unmov'd at *my* doom,
In silence and sorrow are musing on thine.

And be there no marble to mark out that spot,
No line which can speak of thy life, or thy end;
When thy virtues by all are unknown or forgot,
They still shall survive in the breast of thy friend.

TO MARY.

'Mid roseate hues, the setting sun
On yonder hills his race has run:
E'en tho' his brightest rays are set,
His lingering smile is lovely yet;
But ere it gild returning day,
Thy lover will be far away.

It sinks—'tis gone—and I must fly,
Before it gilds to-morrow's sky;
And yet I little thought to feel
Such pangs as now around me steal;
As tears beneath that dark fringe glow,
And wilder still our accents flow.

My bark glides o'er the waters blue,
And I have bid my last adieu!
But still remembrance loves to stray
With those who now are far away;
But these are thoughts too pure to last,
A ray emerging from the past!

O'er yonder wave the queen of night
Ne'er shed a purer, lovelier light;
And while these eyes on Cynthia dwell,
" 'Gainst thee my heart shall ne'er rebel;"
For 'neath its pure unsullied ray
We gave our youthful hearts away.

TO MARY.

Oh! tell me not that dark abyss
Is closing o'er the form I love;
Ah! no, in worlds more pure than this,
Thy lovely spirit roams above;
And leaves the realms of grief and care,
To wander o'er the fields of air.

Midst happier hearts, and calmer hours,
I did not sing of themes like these;
Where clustering vines and azure flowers,
And every charm which once could please,
In ripening bloom were wont to shine
Along the fairy banks of Rhine.

But where are they? and where art thou,
My Mary? in the silent tomb
Decay has mark'd thy marble brow,
Thy lovely cheek has lost its bloom;
And every heart is far away,
Which made those joyous hours more gay.

Lo! yon bright orb withdraws its gleam,
No star is mirror'd on the wave;
And nothing, save the raven's scream,
Disturbs the stillness of the grave;
While gathering clouds with black'ning gloom
Roll darkly o'er my Mary's tomb.

And round me lie the silent dust
Of hearts as gay, and forms as bright;
The eyeless skull, the mould'ring bust,
Shine ghastly by the glowworm's light;
And yet this hour is far more dear
Than friendship's smile, or beauty's tear.

Ah! whither glides thy fairy form,
My Mary? if in yon bright star,
Which shines amidst the rising storm,
Thy lovely spirit roams afar;
Oh! leave thy place of blissful rest,
And soothe thy lover's aching breast!

Fair as the vapoury forms which glide
In rapture o'er the poet's eye;
Even now methinks my earthly bride
Floats lightly o'er the low'ring sky;
And beck'ning, points to that bright star,
Whose radiant beauty shines afar.

In vain—in vain! yet if thine ear
Is listening to thy lover's lays;
If seraphs e'er bestow a tear,
For joys which flew in earlier days;
Oh! Mary, let one thought of thine
Still linger on the banks of Rhine!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO STARTED WITH DISGUST AT THE SIGHT OF A HUMAN SKULL.

Nay, dearest! turn not thus away,
Nor shade those soft and deep-blue eyes;
Yon fearful emblem of decay
Should teach my Rosa to be wise.

That ghastly head thou canst not brook
Was once a thing of smiles and tears;
Had once perchance thy beaming look,
Or reckon'd half thy sum of years.

Perchance it glitter'd in the dance,
Or sweetly sad, or lightly gay:
Perchance its bright and winning glance
Has rous'd, like thine, the poet's lay.

But now, a void and nauseous cell,
'Twill house the reptile and its brood;
And there, where life was wont to dwell,
The worm in vain will search for food.

Nay, frown not at my idle song,
It is not meant to cause disgust;
Yet all thou view'st in pleasure's throng,
Like yonder skull, must turn to dust.

Thus, Rosa! to thy guileless mind
A moral in yon head is shown;
For, musing on its fate, thou'lt find
A sad memento of thine own.

THE MAID OF WATERLOO.

I stood upon the scene of death,
  Where war had roll'd its fiery tide;
And silently I held my breath,
  Where chiefs had bled, and heroes died;
And mus'd on those who slept around,
Heap'd in unconsecrated ground.

'Twas then, my beautiful Susette!
  I first beheld thy beaming face;
First gaz'd upon thine eye of jet,
  Thine airy step, and nameless grace;
While decking with each flowery wreath
The graves of those who slept beneath.

I deem'd not then that aught had power
My soul from gloomier thoughts to wile;
I deem'd not, in that silent hour,
It e'en could bend to beauty's smile;
But who could mark that bright black eye,
Nor turn him from his revery?

And yet, when I am far away,
And 'twixt us rolls the angry main;
Thou still with fairy feet wilt stray,
To gather wild flowers from the plain;
And still wilt pause—as if thy tread
Could rouse the slumbers of the dead.

Yet if the forms which rest around
Could rouse them from their dreamless sleep;
If each young heart once more could bound,
To mark the eyes that o'er him weep;
They'd deem thou wert an angel given
To point the way from earth to heaven.

Farewell, Susette! I will not ask
If e'er for me thy cheek will glow;
But be it still thy guileless task
To pray for those who sleep below;
And still, with tearful eye, to tell
The fate of those who died so well!

TO SUSETTE.

WILT thou come with me, love! to my own native land,
O'er the waves of the blue-rolling sea?
Wilt thou leave the lov'd scenes of this beautiful strand,
For the shores which are dearest to me?

Thou wilt not, Susette!—yet how oft have I deem'd,
While I gaz'd on that beautiful face;
That thy breast would be always as true as it seem'd,
Nor have shrunk from thy lover's embrace.

But pleasure must fade, like the Zephyr that sighs
O'er the harp which it meets in its way;
One moment it soothes us, then mournfully flies,
Like the sigh of a lover, away.

Thou wilt tell me, tho' sever'd and broken in heart,
That thy love will continue the same;
But I feel, since thy bosom so lightly could part,
That 'twill only exist in the name.

Yet think not I'll smile on each face that I meet,
With the feelings I've gaz'd upon thine;
Tho' thy breast with affection no longer may beat,
Not a wish shall be alter'd in mine.

For I'll muse, when between us the ocean shall roll,
On the days which so sweetly have flown;
And the thoughts of the past shall preserve in my soul,
All the warmth that I ask in thine own.

THE END.

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